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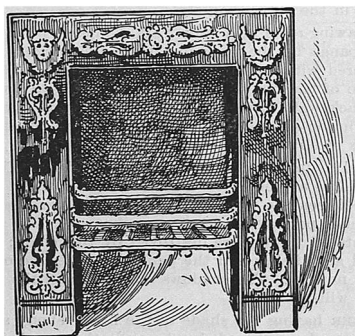
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THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER.

and others elsewhere, wood torn from its granite backing and the paraphernalia of devotion subject to the first buyer. The Corinthian columns protecting its façade were each hewn from a single block of stone, each was twenty-five feet tall, each cost \$3,000 to



A CURIOUS OLD MANTEL.

create, and each weighed more than the Obelisk that stands now in Central Park. Yet those columns were carried through the streets, that, too, before the streets were paved, by the builder, and no great excitement was caused by it either, as the moving of Cleopatra's needle. Now these columns have fallen in the hands of the Vandals, no one would buy them, for there was no use to which they could be put, and finally they were presented gratis to a timorous contractor, who with much toil carted them off and sawed them into diminutives of their former selves. The builder of this was the present William E. Marshall's father, who also put up the Astor House, both in Maine granite.

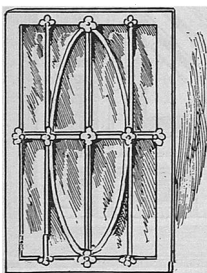
What a field for the imagination in that medley of old doors! Doors from patrician residences and doors from the parvenue, doors that looked upon marriages and doors that have shut foul deeds from the sight and discovery of the world, doors whose heavy mahogany has the ring of riches in its massiveness, and painted doors, whose whitened pine shows the marks of plebian blows. Doors there are that closed upon the founders of the nation, others that imprisoned traitors. Doors with the delicate festoon of the Colonial form or the gay decoration of Louis XVI. Stairs in vast variety compose another mound of curios, and they all appear well worn, some, perhaps, by the high heeled slippers of the girlish grandmothers of to-day's generation, frivolous flirts,

"a beauty in the days
When Madison was President,"

with puffed sleeves and waists a few inches beneath their shoulders, such were the scampering crowds that wore away the steps now looming in the air amid their bankrupted associates. Here they await the coming of another season, when they shall feel the pattering of modern feet, and when they do it will be, in all probability, the stumbling uncertainties of a roysterer.

From stairs to mirrors and pictures is but a step here, for in the direst confusion is a multitude of frames, some that have embraced priceless works of art or bad portraits of a much worse face, some found their way here from galleries, while others hung, long years ago, in the boudoir of a fashionable lady, where with the mirror it contained it looked with wonderment upon the mysterious labors of the fashionable toilet, now it is forgotten and discarded as tarnished as the beauty of her who treasured the trifle with its costlier associates.

There are many small articles that served their purpose and hope to serve it once again. There is a fire bag of wire and closely woven. There were two, companions, of these bags, but one has long 'ere this found its way into some quiet



COLONIAL WINDOWS.

house, befitting its age. A small faucet made of brass is worthy a passing glance; it is shaped as a serpent, whose head is raised as if to strike and from the mouth there issues forth a stream of liquor or water, as the case may be. There is a mahogany chandelier from the old home of one of New York's early governors; a boiler dated in the last century and saved from the wreck of the old Washington Hotel; a marble newel post with the head of Socrates, from the St. Nicholas Hotel; a fanlight from one of the most conspicuous houses in Murderers' Row.

Aside from the economical phase of the yard, the many facilities it offers builders to reconstruct the despoiled structures on a smaller scale and a cheaper plan by purchasing the material here at second hand, there is an artistic value to it. Many architects call and study its crowded contents seeking inspiration from the dust or looking for some choice morsel they may pattern from intact. Thomas Moran, the well known landscape painter, found here sufficient to erect for himself a cosy cottage as antique in appearance as the age of its component parts make it in fact.

It is a lucrative occupation, this of moving away worn out buildings, though a laborious one, in some instances the profits from the old "stuff," is sufficient to compensate without any further charge, on the other hand there is often an amount paid for the work and frequently a large sum. There is a certain fascination connected with it that hardly enters into the business aspect but helps to brighten the tediousness somewhat, and that is the expectation of a discovery. Money and valuables are often found in the ruin, as high as \$3,000 being taken in hard cash from one private residence.

Thus the old houses of New York are made to suffer for the relentless march of improvements; like the old horses, the old means of transit, the old people, they are pushed aside in the scramble for something better, they are mercilessly assailed by myriads of iconoclasts and between dawn and sunset, the most substantial architectural product of a century since is robbed of its props, shorn of its beauties, the wind whistles through its paneless and sashless windows and the specters of its former salons revel for the last time in its rain swept halls and through its cold, forbidding corridors.

INKSTANDS.

THE inkstand from its position on the desk or table is a tempting subject for artistic treatment, and there are accordingly abounding fanciful devices in this line. In many the ink pool is so concealed that when brought to light it is a positive surprise. The notion of devoutness in the silver figure of a dervish kneeling in prayer is rudely broken in upon as he is seized by the head and pushed back, his figure parting longitudinally at the waist. Pears and apples exquisitely rendered and handsomely mounted, hold the dark fluid in their cores. An ivory base ball, with the the bronze batter at hand, serves the same purpose.

Then there are log-wood cabins, the roofs of which when opened by a spring, disclose dainty glass receptacles; windmills and elevators in combined wood, bronze and steel, that on the movement of a lever shoot out draw-like receptacles for ink and pens; an oxidized silver jockey sitting beneath a carved horse-rack conceals an internal well, the horse-rack serving as a pen-holder; there are inkstands charmingly composed wholly of flowers and leaves in real bronze; a butting goat in oxidized silver, and a bronze bear scrambling over a rustic fence, are inkstand suspects.

Some admirable carving is exhibited in an inkstand in dark oak, portraying a shaggy bison that is being run down by hunters. An heraldic inkstand has a shield with design in brilliant pigments and enamel as a background, supported by halberds, gongs, handbells and musical triangles, are among equipments; garlands of gilt brass and gold bronze on ebony stands are revived; silver flower wreaths adorn elaborate scroll brass work; glass flower vases, with exquisite metal mounts, branch out at sides and from centres; bronze obelisks, adorned with silvered hieroglyphics and bronze lamps, are included in inkstand attachments; two niggers in faience, with hand saw on bamboo stick, have completed half their labor, and exposed the upper hollow half of the cane as a receptacle for penholders; there are locomotives and nautical inkstands, the latter backed by polished steel, and with chains, wheel and steering gear; terra cotta birds perch on fallen moss-grown branches that encase the bottles. Minton ware of deep vermilion hue is utilized in a richly floriated brass inkstand, as the filling in of a gilded coronet that surmounts the whole, and also for the shell shaped receiver in front.

It is a singular fact that by no possible combination of colored rays can either red, green or violet be obtained, while by the union of the violet and green and the green and red respectively the most brilliant blues and yellows are produced.